Will I file off, you ſhall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the ſmell o'th priſon, after
When you ſhall ſtretch your ſelfe, and ſay but *Arcite*
I am in plight, there ſhall be at your choyce
Both Sword, and Armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
So noble beare a guilty buſines! none
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
In this kinde is ſo bold.

Arc. Sweete *Palamon.*

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your perſon
Without hipocriſy I may not wiſh
Winde hornes of Cornets.
More then my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You heare the Hornes;
Enter your Muſicke leaſt this match between's
Be croſt, er met, give me your hand, farewell.
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
Take comfort and be ſtrong.

Pal. Pray hold your promiſe;
And doe the deede with a bent brow, moſt ceraine
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre
This oile out of your language; by this ayre
I could for each word, give a Cuffe: my ſtomach
not reconcild by reaſon,

Arc. Plainely ſpoken,
Yet pardon me hard language, when I ſpur
Winde hornes.
My horſe, I chide him not; content, and anger
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call
The ſcatterd to the Banket; you muſt gueſſe
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
Cannot pleaſe heaven, and I know your office
Vnjuſtly is atcheev'd.

Arc. If a good title,
I am perſwaded this queſtion ſicke between's,

By

By bleeding muſt be cur'd. I am a Suitou
That to your Sword you will bequeath th
And talke of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my Mi
For note you, mine ſhe is.

Arc. Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
You talke of feeding me to breed me ſtre
You are going now to looke upon a Sun
That ſtrengthens what it lookes on, ther
You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy't ti
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

Scæna 2. *Enter Iaylors daught*

Daugh. He has miſtooke; the Beake I t
After his fancy, Tis now welnigh mornin
No matter, would it were perpetuall nigh
And darkenes Lord o'th world, Harke ti
In me hath greife ſlaine feare, and but for
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon.*
I wreake not if the wolves would jaw m
He had this File; what if I hallowd for h
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; what then
If he not anſweard, I ſhould call a wolfe,
And doe him but that ſervice. I have hea
Strange howles this live-long night, why
They have made prey of him? he has no w
He cannot run, the Iengling of his Gives
Might call fell things to liſten, who have
A ſence to know a man unarmd, and can
Smell where reſiſtance is. Ile ſet it down
He's torne to peeces, they howld many t
And then they feed on him: So much for
Be bold to ring the Bell; how ſtand I th
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye
My Father's to be hang'd for his eſcape
My ſelfe to beg, if I prizd life ſo much
As to deny my act, but that I would not,

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